Hoſt. What ſes my bully Rooke?
Speake ſchollerly and wiſely.

Fal. Mine Hoſt, I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard bully, *Hercules* caſſire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pound a weeke.

Hoſt. Thou art an Emperour *Cæſar, Kheſſer* and *Keſar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He ſhall tap, he ſhall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do good mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. I haue ſpoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*.
Let me ſee thee froth, and lyme. I am at a word. Follow, follow.

Exit Hoſt.

Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapſter is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered ſeruingman, a freſh Tapſter:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

Bar. I will ſir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good ſhift to liue.

Exit Bardolfe.

Piſ. O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the ſpicket willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almoſt out at the heeles.

Piſ. Why then let cybes inſue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal.